

Title: The Watcher:A History

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“Time tramples
greatness to rubble and
dust, but glory is never
forgotten.

Elder winds sing of the
past to those calm
enough to listen.” - Meer
proverb

We are ancient. We are
eternal. I write now of
what was and what will
be.

Our ancestors speak of
the birth of the Meer
people, cradled in the
Great Forest at the
heart of Ilshenar. Meer
history is long, but we
were not the first. We
know others came before
us. Some are long dead
and forgotten, destroyed
by unspeakable acts.

Others, like the great
elementals, left our world
to wander the Void. While
a few older races
remained, such as the
great dragons of blood
and silver, they ignored
the Meer in favor of
their own struggles. We
were alone to grow as a
people.

Then the Juka came to
our forest. Nomadic and
militant, they wished to
conquer and destroy what
they did not understand,
but they were not
without nobility. They
were honorable fighters,
following the Way. The
ancestors recognized in

the Juka something our people had lost. They shunned magic in favor of physical prowess. The Juka were young and passionate, so contrary to our ancient and quiet ways. They were our spiritual opposite. Our ancestors forged a balance with the Juka: cycles of conflict and cycles of rest. The ancient balance between Juka and Meer had never faltered.

That balance was destroyed by the coming of a mysterious being called Exodus. He was an impurity in our world. None had ever seen his face, but the Juka had heard his voice, teaching them sorcery and guiding them away from the Way. Without their honor, the Juka attacked the Meer's very soul, the Great Forest. Our home and heart burned. Ours are now the lands of despair. The ash of the Great Forest had made the rains caustic and bitter, Meer tears.

So I gathered our people for war, a final war. They did not know what I had planned, but I went forth to destroy us all. The old balance had ceased to exist. All that remained was revenge and the tranquility of oblivion.

For a brief memory, I got my wish. I saw my most terrible spell cast, an inferno that engulfed the Juka fortress and all that remained of both peoples. The memory of such hatred still makes me weep centuries later. By some magic, we were

saved. The universe
blinked, and the Juka and
their fortress
disappeared.

Later, my spells whispered
to me what had happened.
Exodus had saved the
Juka from my wrath,
moving them through time
itself. With both the
Great Forest and the
Ancient Enemy gone, we
were a people without
purpose. A decision was
made. The Meer would
enter a timeless sleep
and wait the return of
the Juka. We would wake
and rebuild the Balance,
saving our enemy from
their own darkness.

To atone for my madness,
I volunteered to wait and
watch while my people
slept. I have seen the
millennia pass. I have
watched civilizations born
and die, gargoyle and
human. I witnesses the
first stone placed at Ver
Lor Reg. I saw the great
Anskitas city of Monitor
fall. I have been alone.

Strange metallic creatures
have started gathering. A
force has started
manipulating and enslaving
human and gargoyles.
Exodus. It will soon be
time to wake my people.